

A
COLLECTION
Power OF *Coming*
HYMNS
FOR
SOCIAL WORSHIP,

More particularly design'd for the Use of
the TABERNACLE CONGREGATION,
in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A.B.
Late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chap-
lain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Hunt-
ington.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.

L O N D O N:

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COLLECTION

H. Y. M. S.

SOCIETY

1802

Wm. H. M. S.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshipers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and, with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever.—Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them.—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time.—I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns.—They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore

THE PREFACE.

I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public worshipping Assembly.—Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word.—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, as answering one another in their heavenly Anthems.—That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

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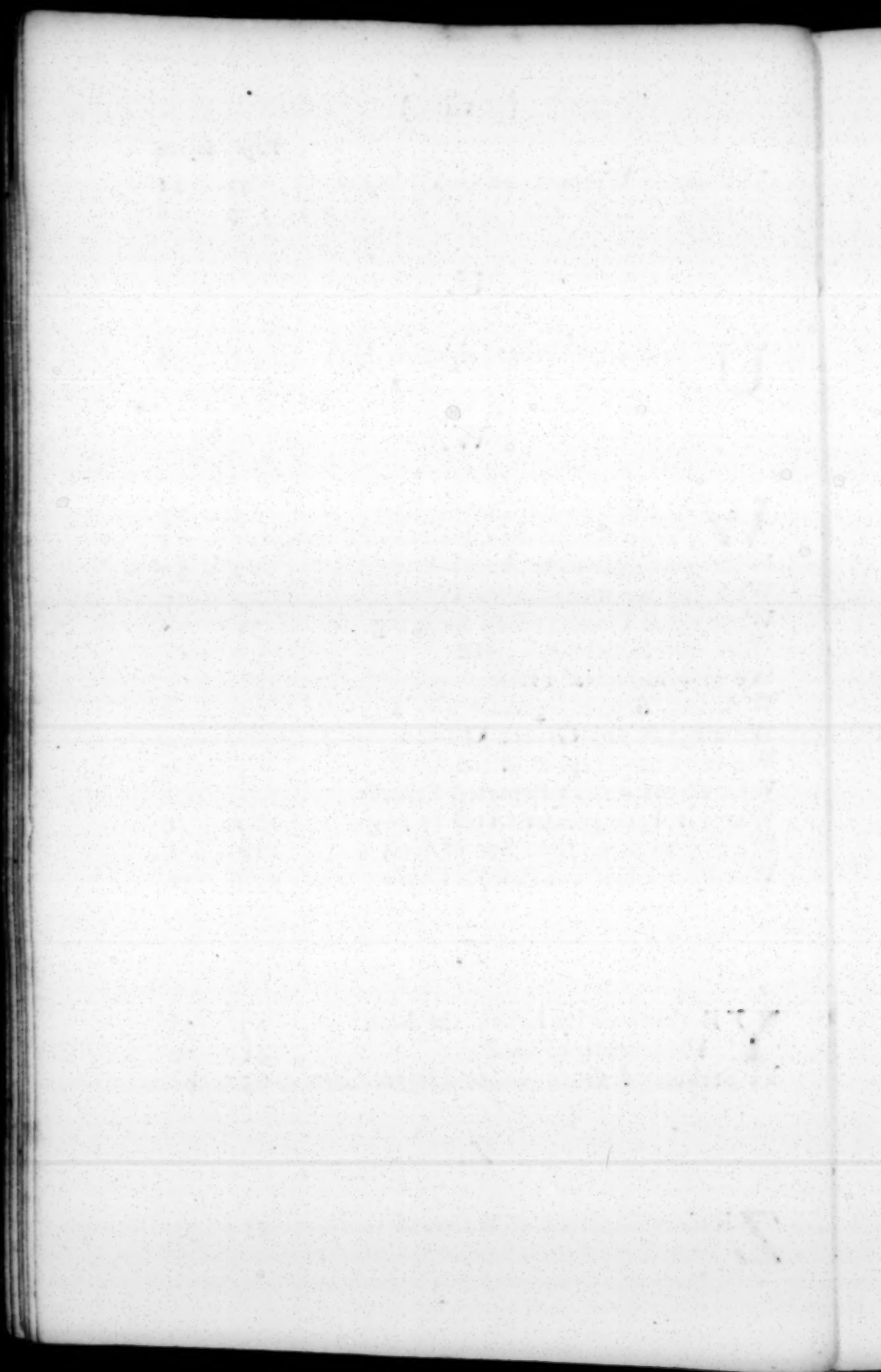
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H Y M N S

F O R

Public Worship.

H Y M N I.

At the Opening of WORSHIP.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting Family inspire
With Joy and Peace and Love !

Thee we the Comforter confess ;
 Unless thou'rt present here,
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
 We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
 Blow on the drooping Field ;
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,
 And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
 That shall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

B

Hasten

Hasten the Restitution-Day,
Which now Corruption shrouds,
New Heavens and new Earth display,
With Jesus in the Clouds.

H Y M N II.

The same.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World, be gone,
Let our religious Hours alone :
Oh may our Eyes our Saviour see !
We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

Oh warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Desire :
Come, our Dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !
How sweet thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels taste above
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail, great Emmanuel, all Divine !
In thee thy Father's Glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That Eyes have seen or Angels known !

H Y M N III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord,

(3)

Lord, on thee our Souls depend ;
In Compassion now descend :
Fill our Hearts with thy Rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go
'Till a Blessing thou bestow.
Send some Message from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in Faith and Hope :
Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV.

The same.

COME worship at Emmanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet :
Words are too feeble to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies
Where Storms and Tempests never rise ;
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And shines and reigns the God of Grace ?

(4)

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heaven, his full Resemblance bears :
His Beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him Face to Face.

H Y M N V.

Invitation.

Hither ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A Sin-disorder'd trembling Throng;
To you the Gospel calls, to you
Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons,
Derive no Blessing from his Tree;
For Sinners only Jesus died,
Then sure I hear he died for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd;
'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;
Our Punishment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
And join the blisful Choirs above;
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love!

H Y M N VI.

The same.

Sinners, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,
Haste to the Supper of our Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious Day,
All Things are ready, come away!

Ready

Ready the Father is to own
 And kifs his late-returning Son ;
 Ready the loving Saviour ftands,
 And fpreads for you his bleeding Hands:

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
 Juft now the ftoney Heart to move ;
 T' apply and witnefs with the Blood,
 And wafh and feal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
 To triumph in your bleft Eftate ;
 Tuning their Harps they long to praife
 The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
 To Happinefs in Chrift reftor'd ;
 His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
 The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

H Y M N VII.

The fame.

L E T ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
 And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
 The Trumpet of the GOSPEL founds
 With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry ftarving Souls,
 That feed upon the Wind,
 And vainly ftrove with earthly Toys
 To fill an empty Mind ;

Eternal Wifdom has prepar'd
 A Soul-reviving Feaft,
 And bids your longing Appetites
 The rich Provision tafte.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging Thirst
 With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love
 Are everlasting Mines,
 Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL GRACE
 Stand open Night and Day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek Supplies
 And drive our Wants away.

H Y M N VIII.

Thanksgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years :

He

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Power confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

H Y M N IX.

The same.

MY Soul, repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great ;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel :
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flower ;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

God's

H Y M N X.

G O D's Goodness to his People.

TH E Lord supplies his People's Need,
Jehovah is his Name ;
In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forsake his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death;
His Presence is their Stay ;
A Word of his supporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in fight of all their Foes
Doth still their Table spread,
Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
Attend us all our Days :
O may his House be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praise !

H Y M N XI.

Morning W O R S H I P.

O Lord, how many are our Foes
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood !
Our Peace they daily discompose,
But our Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
 And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure;
 Not Death shall make our Heart afraid
 Though we should wake and rise no more.

But God sustain'd us all the Night;
 Salvation doth to God belong:
 He rais'd our Heads to see the Light,
 And he shall have our Morning Song.

H Y M N XII.

The same.

RISE our Souls to praise the Care
 Of Jesus true and good;
 Sing to him whose Robes appear,
 As newly dipt in Blood.

By his Pow'r we live to see
 The Dawning of another Day;
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay!

O may we in Righteousness,
 In Jesu's Arms awake!
 And of the Joys the Saints possess,
 With them e're long partake:

With our common Father sit,
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise,
 (Bowing down before his Feet)
 The Riches of his Grace.

The

H Y M N XIII.

The same.

COME, let us adore
 The Lord's gracious Hand,
 (Our great GOVERNOR)
 Who gave a Command
 And Charge to his Angels
 To watch round our Bed,
 To guard us from Evils,
 From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on the Throne
 The Prince of our Peace :
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his Blood ;
 All hail, Holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !

We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace :
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell ;
 And say, our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide ;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glorious Salvation ;
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful Vision
 Completed in thee.

The

(11)

H Y M N XIV.

The same.

CH R I S T, whose Glory fills the Skies ;
Christ, the true the only Light ;
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night.
Day-Spring from on high be near,
Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the Morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee ;
Joyless is the Day's Return,
'Till thy Mercy's Beams we see :
Lord, thy inward Light impart,
Glad our Eyes and warm each Heart.

Visit ev'ry Soul of thine,
Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief ;
Fill with Radiancy divine,
Scatter all our Unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV.

Evening W O R S H I P.

TH E Saviour who us kept To-day,
The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
Our thankful Souls shall bless ;
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endless Praise ; for in thy Blood
Saints sweetly rest in Peace.

We'll

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
 With all thy Angels us wilt guard ;
 Our Souls to thee we trust :
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
 Our Souls among the Fellowship
 Of Saints, through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI.

The same.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts,
 Let Incense-Flames arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our Evening-Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
 Awake our Heart and Tongue ;
 Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd
 Have made up all this Day ;
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
 Do a new Song require !
 'Till we should praise thee as we would,
 Accept our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set
 New Time upon our Score ;
 Thee may we praise for all our Time,
 When Time shall be no more !

Morn-

(13)

H Y M N XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endless is thy Love !
Thy Gifts are every Ev'ning new ;
And Morning Mercies from above,
Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee we consecrate our Days ;
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own ;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell ;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

C

Hosanna

Hofanna, in the highest Strains
 The Church on Earth can raife !
 The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler Praise. .

H Y M N XIX.

The same.

W Elcome sweet Day of Rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving Breast
 And these rejoicing Eyes !

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his Saints to-day :
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One Day amidst the Place,
 Where our dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand Days
 Of pleasurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay
 In such a Frame as this,
 And when thou call'st for them away,
 Waft them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N XX.

The same.

S W E E T is the Work, O God, our King,
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing ;
 To shew thy Love by Morning Light,
 And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
 No mortal Cares should seize our Breast ;
 O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
 Like David's Harp, of solemn Sound !

Our Hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
 And bless thy Works and bless thy Word ;
 Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy Counsels ! how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
 What Mortals cannot reach below :
 May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
 In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXI.

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are !
 To his Abode,
 My Soul aspire,
 With warm Desire,
 To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy Men that pay
 Their constant Service there !
 They praise Christ still ;
 And happy they
 That love the Way
 To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears ;
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heaven appears.
O glorious Seat !
Our God and King,
Us thither bring,
'To kiss thy Feet !

The Lord his People loves ;
His Hands no Good with-holds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

H Y M N XXII.

The same.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
The new-born Soul both longs and faints,
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace !
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;
God is their Strength, and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
 'Till we all meet in Heav'n at Length;
 'Till all before Christ's Face appear,
 And join in nobler Worship there!

H Y M N XXIII.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 That Mortals ever knew,
 That Angels ever bore :
 All Art too mean
 To speak his Worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms,
 What condescending Ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly Grace !
 My Soul, with Joy
 And Wonder see
 What Forms of Love
 He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
 Our Tongues would bless thy Name ;
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came :
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
 Thou guilty Sinner seek
 No Sacrifice beside :
 His pow'rful Blood
 Did once atone,
 And now it pleads
 Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
 Our Conqu'ror and our King,
 Thy Sceptre and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace we sing.
 Thine is the Pow'r ;
 O may we sit,
 In willing Bonds,
 Beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N XXIV.

The same.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
 Christ like an Angel stands,
 And holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands :
 Commission'd from
 His Father's Throne,
 To make his Grace
 To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
 Our Pattern, and our Guide !
 And through this desert Land
 Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way !

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Who's watchful Eyes doth keep
Poor wandering Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep.
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws :
Believing Souls
Now free are set ;
For Christ has paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by :
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

H Y M N XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURIED in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee!

H Y M N XXVI.

The same.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise!

Our

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n ;
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways ;
His Hands infected Nature cure,
With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain ;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to God :
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N XXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose Aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry waiting Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Humankind ;
From Sin, and Sorrow, set us free,
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Create

Create all new, our Wills controul,
 Subdue the Rebel in our Soul ;
 Chase from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow ;
 And lest again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd ;
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee !

H Y M N XXVIII.

The same.

COME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
 Let us thy Influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic Fire,
 Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
 Thy holy Prophets wrote and spoke)
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, prolific Dove,
 Brood o'er our Nature's Night ;
 On our disorder'd Spirits move,
 And let there now be Light.

God thro' himself we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound with all thy Saints below,
 The Depths of Love Divine.

The

H Y M N XXIX.

The same.

WH Y should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days ;
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish their Complaints,
And shew their Sins forgiv'n ?

Assure each Conscience of its Part
In the Redeemer's Blood,
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come ;
May thy blest Wings, celestial Love,
Safely convey us home !

H Y M N XXX.

C H R I S T's Birth.

TH E King of Glory sends his Son,
To make his Entrance on this Earth ;
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
And heav'nly Hosts declare his Birth !

About the young Redeemer's Head,
What Wonders and what Glories meet !
An unknown Star arose, and led
The Eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon

Simeon and Anna both conspire,
 The Infant Saviour to proclaim ;
 Inward they felt 'the sacred Fire,
 And bless'd the Babe and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
 And treat the holy Child with Scorn ;
 Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
 Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI.

The same.

HARK ! the Herald Angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on Earth and Mercy mild,
 God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;
 Nature rise and worship him,
 Who is born at Bethlehem.

Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in Time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
 Jesus our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and Life around he brings,
 Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild

Mild he lays his Glory by,
 Born that Men no more may die :
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come
 Fix in us thy heav'nly Home ;
 Rise the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp thy Image in its Place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Work it in us by thy Love.

H Y M N XXXII.

The same.

WHAT good News the Angels bring!
 What glad Tidings of our King?
 Christ the Lord is born To-day,
 Christ who takes our Sins away ;
 He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
 Hath in Bethlehem his Birth ;
 Him shall all his People see,
 And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
 With Hosannas fill the Sky ;
 Glory be to God above !
 God is infinite in Love :
 Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men !
 Now with us our God is seen :
 Angels join with us in Praise,
 Help us sing redeeming Grace.

D

Now

Now the Wall is broken down,
 Now the Gospel is made known;
 Now the Door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd;
 All who feel the Weight of Sin,
 All who languish to be clean;
 All who for Redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,
 This the Angel doth proclaim;
 He shall all his People save,
 They in him Remission have:
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take Refuge in the Son;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,
 Sing the Triumphs of his Birth;
 All the World by him is blest;
 Sound his Praise from East to West.
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
 Christ our common Lord and King.
 Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,
 To Eternity prolong.

H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious Throne,
 And bless thee for the precious Gift
 Of thine incarnate Son:

The Gift unspeakable,
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the World thy Goodness tell ;
 Oh may we to thee live !

Jesus, the holy Child,
 Doth by his Birth declare,
 That God and Man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are.
 Salvation thro' his Name
 To lost Mankind is giv'n,
 And loud his Infant-Cries proclaim
 A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares himself our Friend :
 Assumes our Flesh and Blood,
 That we his Spir't may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his Love increase !
 'Till he convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
 Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder see
 The incarnate Deity ;

D 2

Human

Human Nature he assumes,
 He to ransom Sinners comes.
 He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
 He was infinitely clean ;
 Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,
 Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
 Standing in our legal Place,
 From the Cradle to the Cross,
 All he did he did for us.
 He did all our Woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live :
 By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
 By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,
 Jesu's Death is our Release ;
 Jesu's Cross obtains our Crown,
 Jesu's Sepulchre our Throne.
 Lord, conform us to thy Death,
 Bid our Sins yield up their Breath ;
 By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,
 Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
 Purify our inward Parts ;
 Lord, destroy the carnal Mind,
 That in thee we Peace may find :
 In thy Righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad ;
 Let us walk with thee in white,
 'Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our high Priest above ;
 His Heart is made of Tendernefs,
 His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame ;
 He knows what sore Temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.

He in the Days of feeble Flefh,
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
 And in his Measure feels afresh,
 What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaky Flax,
 But raife it to a Flame ;
 The bruifed Reed he never breaks,
 Nor fcorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith address,
 His Mercy, and his Pow'r ;
 We fhall obtain delivering Grace
 In the diftressing Hour.

H Y M N XXXVI.

CHRIST'S Passion.

YE that pafs by behold the Man,
 The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you,
 The Lamb of God for Sinners flain,
 Weeping to Calvary purfue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there ! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
 His bleeding Hands extended wide,
 His streaming Feet tranfixt and torn,
 The Fountain gushing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy Heart to Sinners move !
 Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
 Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Centre quake,
 Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd ;
 O may our inmost Nature shake,
 And bow with Jesus crucify'd !

At thy last Gasps, the Graves display'd
 Their Horrors to the upper Skies ;
 O that our Souls might burst the Shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise !

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
 And tremble, and asunder part ;
 O rend with thy expiring Breath,
 The harder Marble of our Heart !

H Y M N XXXVII.

C H R I S T's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praise,
 To great Jehovah's equal Son !

Awake

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
He came to raise our Nature high ;
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath,
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th'Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay ;
Th'Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of shining Grace ;
See what immortal Glories sit,
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face !

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns ;
Oh may his Praise fill all our Tongues,
And echoe to the heav'nly Plains.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

The same.

WH A T equal Honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb ?
Since all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name !

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd ;
Worthy to rise and live and reign,
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of Scandal and of Scorn ;
 While Glory shines around his Head,
 And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our Sin, and Curse, and Pain ;
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
 And every Creature say Amen !

H Y M N XXXIX.

C H R I S T's Resurrection.

JESU S, who dy'd a World to save,
 Revives and rises from the Grave,
 By his Almighty Pow'r :
 From Sin and Death, and Hell set free,
 He Captive leads Captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see,
 Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the Tomb :
 Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,
 In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,
 He looks with Love and Pity down,
 On her he did redeem :

He

He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that she may spoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

Oh may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,
To carnal Pleasures dead !

H Y M N XL.

The same.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more ;
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-Press trod ;
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N XLI.

C H R I S T ' S A s c e n s i o n .

CL A P your Hands, ye People all,
Praise the God on whom ye call ;
Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,
Triumph in his sovereign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky ;
Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
Ecchoing to the Trump of God !

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
Praise him with the Host divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love ;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King !

Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er Hell and Earth and Heav'n :
Jesus Pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our Heart.

H Y M N XLII.

The same.

H O S A N N A to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himself in Clay,
Enter'd the iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away !

Death

Death is no more the King of Dread,
 Since our Emmanuel rose ;
 He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
 And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters Blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat
 Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
 To reach his blest'd Abode ;
 Sweet be the Accents of our Songs,
 To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels strike their loudest Strings,
 Your sweetest Voices raise ;
 Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
 Sound our Emmanuel's Praise.

H Y M N XLIII.

The same.

HA I L the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes !
 Christ a while to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 " Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."

Circl'd around with Angel-Pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Him, though highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above ;
 See, he shews the Prints of Love ;
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below,
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of Human Race.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head to-day,
 See, thy faithful Servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant, our Hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLIV.

CHRIST'S Intercession.

WELL! the Redeemer's gone
 T'appear before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
 With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
 No burning Wrath comes down;
 If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
 The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
 Our humble Suit he moves;
 The Father lays his Thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our Joyful Tongues
 Our Maker's Honours sing;
 Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
 And bears 'em to the King.

H Y M N XLV.

The same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,
 Where your Redeemer stays;
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves and pleads and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
 And shed his vital Blood;
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
 And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring;
The Priest with his own Sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high't!
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI.

Praising CHRIST.

AWAKE, and sing the Song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspire our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Christ say,
"Your Sins are all forgiv'n:"
Go on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII.

The same.

COM E, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,
And hear me bless my King ;
Hear me, my Beloved Praise,
My Jesus do I sing :
Neither hear my Song alone,
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jesus, our Creator's Son ;
Jesus ! that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,
Who Jesus never knew ;
Ought not we to pass our Day
In Joy and Singing too ?
Others, have they Cause to bless ?
The Children of the King have more ;
They have Christ, their Righteousness !
Their Glory, Peace, and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God !
And with a living Coal
From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,
Inspire each drowsy Soul.
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
Or fully, who can sing thy Praise ?
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
Teach ! teach us heav'nly Lays.

H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all Creatures:

COM E, let us join our chearful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne,

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX.

The same.

SURE thy Name is wonderful,
Counsellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heav'nly Hosts adore,
Praise we through the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear ;
All the Father's Honour meets,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonder-

Wonderfully form'd to raise,
 Adam's fallen helpless Race,
 Form'd to purchase, and secure,
 For thy People boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
 Thou the Priest foretold to rise ;
 Thou the Sacrificer art,
 Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was slain,
 Bleeding on the painful Tree,
 Risen and ascended high,
 We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
 But most wonderful in Love ;
 Be thou all our Theme below,
 Be thou all our Heav'n above !

Hallelujah.

H Y M N L.

The same.

YE Servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name.
 The Name all victorious,
 Of Jesus extol ;
 His Kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His Presence we have.

The great Congregation
 His Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the Throne ;
 Let all cry aloud
 And honour the Son.
 Our Jesus's Praises
 The Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore
 And give him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r
 And Wisdom and Might ;
 All Honour and Blessing,
 With Angels above ;
 And Thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite Love.

H Y M N LI.

Te Deum.

HOW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise,
 Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
 Thou God of all Grace !
 With Honour and Blessing,
 Before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth,
 And Water and Air,
 To thee owe their Birth,
 Substist by thy Care ;
 While Angels are singing
 Thy Praises above,
 We Mortals are bringing
 Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
 With God the Supream,
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with him :
 Invested with Glory,
 On high dost thou sit,
 While Angels adore thee
 And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !
 How wond'rous thy Grace !
 Thou cam'st from above
 To save a lost Race ;
 And, Man to deliver,
 Of Mary wast born,
 That ev'ry Believer
 To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet
 And welcome thee there.
 Thy witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son
 And Spirit agree,
 To constitute one
 Compleat Deity :
 Sweet Jesus, thy Merit
 Makes our Peace with God,
 And by thy good Spirit
 Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

H Y M N LII.

To the T R I N I T Y.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Hills of Comfort here below !

Glory to thee, great Son of God !
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the sacred Spirit Praise,
 Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N LIII.

The same.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential one ador'd,
In co-eternal three !

Inthron'd in everlasting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To thee in Hymns aspire ;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir !

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential one ador'd,
In co-eternal three !

H Y M N LIV.

The same.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the Son ;
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give

Give to the Spirit Praise,
Of an immortal Strain ;
Whose Light and Pow'r, and Grace conveys,
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear,
The same Record within !

To the great one and three,
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

H Y M N LV.

The same.

WE give immortal Praise,
To God the Father's Love ;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.
To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Sprit's Name,
Immortal Worship give ;
Whose new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinners live.

His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless Honours done ;
The undivided three,
And the mysterious one !

Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N LVI.

The same.

TO him that chose us first,
Before the World began ;
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man :
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs ;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our Tongues.

Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praise
And Zeal the same.

Let

Let every Saint above,
 And Angel round the Throne,
 For ever blest and love
 The sacred three in one !
 Thus Heav'n shall raise
 His Honours high,
 When Earth and Time
 Grow old and die.

H Y M N LVII.

Angels praise the LORD.

THE Lord, the Sov'reign King,
 Hath fix'd his Throne on high,
 O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
 And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,
 And swift to do his Will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
 Whose Pleasure ~~ye~~^{he} fulfil.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
 The Orders of their King,
 And guard his Churches when they pray,
 Join in the Praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous Works,
 Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
 Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
 Shalt sing his Graces too.

H Y M N LVIII.

The brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd
 When Isr'el's mourning Tribes complain'd,
 And

And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
 A Serpent strait the Prophet made
 Of molten Brass, to View display'd,
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what Healing to the Heart,
 Does Jesu's greater Cross impart,
 To those who seek a Cure;
 Isr'el of old, and we no less,
 The same indulgent Grace confess,
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect,
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
 And perish in their Pride !
 Not so the stung with Sin and Law,
 These all their rich Salvation draw
 From Jesu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchless Cross,
 And other Objects count but Loss,
 No other Gain explore !
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
 Teeming with Tears of glad Surprise,
 And thankfully adore !

Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy Name !
 Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we Physician call ;
 We own no other Cure but thine,
 Thou the Deliverer divine,
 Our Health, our Life, our all.

H Y M N LIX.

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so ?

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX.

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our Captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
 Sounds from God's sacred Word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come
 And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
 And run to this Relief !
 We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
 O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
 There may we wash our spotted Souls
 From Crimes of deepest Dye !

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
 Our reigning Sins subdue ;
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
 With his infernal Crew.
 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
 Into thy Hands we fall ;
 Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,
 Our Jesus and our all !

H Y M N LXI.

Thanksgiving.

MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
 Angels help the cheerful Sound ;

Publith thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs——yet oh benignly ours!
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

H Y M N LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose Glory fills the Sky;

Peace

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlasting Lord ;
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man !

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood ;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou !

Hear ; for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one !
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One Supreme eternal three.

H Y M N LXIV.

It is finish'd.

TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head ;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
 Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;
 Their mighty Debt is paid :
 Accusing Law, cancel'd by Blood,
 And Wrath of an offended God,
 In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?
 The Law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a Release can shew :
 Justice itself, a Friend appears,
 The Prison-House a Whisper hears,
 Loose him and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
 'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finish'd stands,
 But, ah ! the Praise his Work demands ;
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our Souls be this,
 Because Salvation finish'd is,
 Our Thanks shall never end !

H Y M N LXV.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
 The Father has bestow'd
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,
 To call them Sons of God !

Nor doth it yet appear,
 How great they will be made ;
 But when they see their Saviour here,
 Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine,
 May Trials well endure ;
 May purge their Souls from Sense and Sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love
 We share a filial Part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
 To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
 Like Slaves before thy Throne,
 Let each now Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXVI.

Enjoyment of CHRIST.

LORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace,
 Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face !
 O light our Passions to a Flame,
 Then shall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of sacred Joy,
 Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ ;
 Then shall we long to gaze away,
 A long and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy right Hand,
 While we pass thro' this barren Land ;

C

And

And in thy Temple let us see
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord, a noble Song;
Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim !

See where it shines in Jesu's Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace ;
God, in the Person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme,
Exult, my Soul, at Jesu's Name !
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound ;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground !

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold !

H Y M N LXVIII.

Looking to Jesus.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne !
His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on :
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word :
Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And Joy evermore !

H Y M N LXIX.

First and second Adam.

DE E P in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own ;
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own ;
Adam, the second from the Dust,
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

Salvation.

H Y M N LXX.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
What Pleasure to our Ears !
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay ;
Oh may we rise by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXI.

CHRIST'S Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The Prince of Darknefs flies ;
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,
Like Lightning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep :
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r,
And Malice to the Deep.

Hofanna to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy

Thy Vi–tries and thy deathly Fame,
Thro' the wide World shall run ;
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N LXXII.

A Blessed GOSPEL.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice ;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand ;
He fix'd the Seas with Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face ;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace !

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care:

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praise his Name is sweet Employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name ;
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV.

Praising God.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand !
What Wonders hath he done !
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone :
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

(60)

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Lies in his spacious Hand ;
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And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The same.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry Land by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
'Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring CHRIST's Life to be shed abroad
in the Heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son!

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NO W to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n ;
 He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
 He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,
 And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun,
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
 He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's Counsels known,
 Declares the great Transactions past,
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The Reach of these inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight !
 Of our Almighty Father's Throne !
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
 Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
And 'Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
'That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy Face and sing thy Love.

H Y M N LXXX:

Inviting to Praise.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jesu's Wounds,
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath ;
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by Faith.

H Y M N LXXXI.

The same.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise,
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
 His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bounds,
 A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
 And cloathes the smiling Fields with Corn;
 The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
 And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,
 He views his Children with Delight;
 He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
 And looks and loves his Image there.

H Y M N LXXXII.

The same.

YE Seekers of God, whose diligent Care
 Is ever employ'd in Christ's Blood to share,
 With Praises unceasing, your Jesus proclaim,
 Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his House,
 And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows;
 And whilst we are giving our Jesus his Due,
 Oh thou, blessed Spirit, our Natures renew!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Universal Praise.

HARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
 Strives t'adore our bounteous King,
 Each a double Tribute pays,
 Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy Part ;
 Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,
 How t'employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
 Since 'twas he whole Nature made ;
 Join we in one endless Song,
 Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
 Live by all thy Works ador'd ;
 One in three, and three in one,
 All Things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The New Creation.

AT TEND, while God's eternal Son
 Doth his own Glories shew ;
 " Behold, I sit upon my Throne
 " Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are past away,
 " And the old Adam dies ;
 " My Hands a new Foundation lay,
 " See a new World arise !"

Mighty Redcemer, set us free
 From our old State of Sin,
 O make our Soul alive to thee,
 Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
 And mould our Hearts afresh ;
 Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
 And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
 In the new World thy Grace hath made,
 May we for ever dwell!

H Y M N LXXXV.

Longing for CHRIST.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood;
 Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee;
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side!
 Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
 That thou should'st Man to Glory bring!
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
 Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought,
 To know the Wonders thou hast wrought;
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren thou,
 To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
 Help us to thee our All to give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live!

The

H Y M N LXXXVI.

The same.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall we find our longing Hearts
 All taken up by thee?
 Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
 The Greatness of redeeming Love,
 The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In each poor stony Heart!
 For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,
 This only Portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better Part!

O that we could for ever sit,
 With Mary, at the Master's Feet,
 Be this our happy Choice!
 Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
 Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath Desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above;
 Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
 Give us thy precious Love.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto thy Lord, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence ;
Bless him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the Throne,
Still thy strong Salvation ?

Cast thy Burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour ;
He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
Turn thee and discover,
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee ;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour ;
Count thou all beside but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

The Christian Race.

A WAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
 Let every trembling Thought be gone).
 Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
 And put a chearful Courage on.

True 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint ;
 But we forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r
 Is ever new and ever young ;
 And firm endures, while endless Years
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Believers drink a fresh Supply,
 While such as trust their native Strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
 Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
 On Wings of Love, to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him because he first loved us.

O F him who did Salvation bring,
 Lord may we ever think and sing !
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shame our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood,
 He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God,
 Let all the World fall down and know,
 That none but God such Love could show.

H Y M N XC.

Persevering Grace.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies,
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
 His Counsel, and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints,
 Unblemish'd and compleat,
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
 And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XCI.

To Jesus Christ.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust !
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,
 Jesus ! unchangeable ! the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh,
 The great, the awful Deity !

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I am ;
 With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness

Live, ever-glorious Jesus ! live,
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

H Y M N XCII.

Unfruitfulness.

LONG have we set beneath the Sound
 Of thy Salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
 Yet hear almost in vain ;
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 Do our false Hearts retain !

Our

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
 How little art thou known,
 By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
 And Blessings of thy Throne ?

How cold and feeble is our Love,
 How negligent our Fear !
 How low our Hope of Joys above,
 How few Affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
 To give thy Word Success ;
 Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
 And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
 That leads to Joys on high ;
 Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
 And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIII.

The Church a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
 Chosen, and made peculiar Ground ;
 A little Spot enclos'd by Grace,
 Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like spicy Trees, Believers stand,
 Planted by an Almighty Hand ;
 And all the Springs in Zion flow,
 To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
 Blow on this Garden of Perfume ;

H

Spirit

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incense to our God ;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

H Y M N XCIV.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live ;
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross our Spirit bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake each sluggish Soul ;

Nothing

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants, for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live !

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood !

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts ;
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And fit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise,
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST'S Righteousness imputed to
Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes
The Embassy of Peace,
Who at Jesu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteousness :
God is his Salvation's God,
The Lord is his Almighty Shield ;
He with Grace shall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam slay,
 And ruin all his Race ?
 Jesus takes our Sins away,
 By suffering in our Place :
 He performed what God requir'd,
 And answered all the Law demands ;
 In his Righteousness attir'd,
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance saw
 This Righteousness divine ;
 In the first Volume of the Law,
 How clearly doth it shine !
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
 Of his Righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews
 His Righteousness discard !
 Shall we then his Love abuse,
 And slight his great Reward ?
 Of the Law he is the End,
 And after we have done our best,
 On his Grace we must depend,
 And in his Merits rest.

What a Mystery of Love,
 In God's Designs appears !
 Jesus coming from above,
 Our Sin and Torment bears :
 God imputes Man's Sins to him ;
 Imputes to Man his Righteousness ;
 Guilty he doth Christ esteem,
 And guiltless us confess.

H Y M M XCVII.

God's Condescention to our Worship.

THY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What can'st thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor Returns we pay,
For Love so infinite as thine?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay;
But thy Compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII.

The same.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts desire
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
 To th' third Heaven our Songs should rise,
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs ;
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
 At this poor dying Rate ;
 Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N C.

The same.

TO praise redeeming Love,
Dear Christians, lend a Voice;
Come thou, diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice!
Our Hearts, too low,
Lord, thou canst raise;
Blest Spirit, blow,
And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
The Riches of thy Grace,
'Till thou shalt call us higher,
There to behold thy Face:
Oh Height of Grace!
Oh Depth of Love!
Lord, fit us for
Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express?
Thy Mercy ne'er decays!
What can our Souls do less
Than love thee all our Days?
Bless God, each Soul,
Even unto Death;
And write a Song
For every Breath.

H Y M N C I.

Praise to G O D for Creation and Redemp-
tion.

L E T them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace ;
But our loud Song shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne ;
All Glory to th' united three,
The undivided one.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound ;
Rocks, Hills, and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

H Y M N C I I.

The Faithfulness of G O D in the Promises.

B E G I N, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men ;
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines ;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darknes raze
Those everlasting Lines.

O might we hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine !
Those gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost divine.

How would our leaping Heart rejoice,
And think our Heav'n secure !
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

H Y M N CIII.

Resurrection of CHRIST.

BLESS'D Morning, whose young dawning
Rays
Behold our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode !

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
 To hold our God in vain
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain:

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praise,
 To our victorious King;
 Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

H Y M N CIV.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimm'ring Day,

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace,
 Beheld our helpless Grief;
 He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
 He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
 With joyful Haste he fled,
 Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
 And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
 Their lasting Silence break,

And

And all harmonious human Tongues,
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N C V.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

C O M E, all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,
To take away our Guilt ;
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head ;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When Death itself is dead.

No more the Bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more ;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's Throne ;
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

H Y M N CVI.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

OH the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace !

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around !

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire
To see thy blest'd Abode ;
And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise
Of our incarnate God !

H Y M N CVII.

Look on him whom they pierced, and
mourn.

INFINITE Grief ! amazing Woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord ;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
 Our dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 His sacred Body tore !

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 In vain do we accuse ;
 In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
 His chief Tormentors were ;
 Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
 And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down,
 Upon his guiltless Head :
 Break, break, our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes,
 And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
 'Till melting Waters flow,
 And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
 In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N CVIII.

The same.

A L A S ! and did our Saviour bleed ?
 And did our Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred Head
 For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the Tree ?
 Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown,
 And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
 And shut his G'ories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
 For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
 While his dear Cross appears ;
 Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
 And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
 The Debt of Love I owe ;
 May I here give myself away !
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CIX.

The same.

IS there a thing beneath the Sky,
 Can Comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?
 Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
 A Treasure full of richest Grace,
 All else are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, sink down with Shame
 Before his Face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed, and die :
 O think upon thy Sin, and Guilt,
 For which his precious Blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
 'Till Drops of Blood fall down !
 See how he yonder prostrate lies !
 Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
 Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
 Amidst Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,
 For thee a Sacrifice :
 Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
 Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;
 So dear thy Ransom Price !

Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me ?
 Dost thou feel all this Misery
 To give me Life and Peace ?
 Then let me bear it on my Heart,
 My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,
 Thy Blood signs my Release.

H Y M N CX.

Distinguishing Love, or Angels punish'd,
 and Man saved.

DOWN headlong from the native Skies
 The Rebel-Angels fell !
 And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
 Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave,
 To reach a sinking World.

Oh Love of infinite Degrees !
 Unmeasurable Grace !
 Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
 To save a trait'rous Race ?

Must Angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless Fire ;
 While God forsakes his shining Throne
 To raise us Wretches higher ?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
 With Hallelujahs ring,
 And the full Choir of human Tongues
 All Hallelujahs sing.

H Y M N CXI.

C H R I S T ' s C o m m i s s i o n .

C O M E, happy Souls, approach your God
 With new melodious Songs;
 Come, tender to Almighty Grace
 The Tributes of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love,
 That pity'd dying Men,
 The Father sent his equal Son,
 To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging Rod;
 No hard Commission to perform,
 The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,
 When Christ on the kind Errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls
 T'accept thine offer'd Grace;
 Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,
 And give the Father Praise.

H Y M N CXII.

The same.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune ;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror cloaths his Brow ;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease ;
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call ;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord,
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
 A Supper for thy Saints ;
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,
 A Table thou hast richly spread,
 To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how good thou art ;
 Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
 Knock by thy pow'ful Spirit, Lord,
 Lord, break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
 And ravish all our Souls with Love,
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;
 Jesu, attend our feeble Pray'r,
 And for thyself our Hearts prepare,
 Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the Ocean driv'n :
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with thee,
 And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of
G O D.

AND are we Wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell !

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries, forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace ?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin ;
Oh that our Hearts might bleed, to see
What Rebels we have been !

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey ;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
Mediator.

COME, let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th'Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

H Y M N CXVI.

The Darknefs of PROVIDENCE.

L O R D, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now

Now thou array'st thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Through Seas and Storms of deep Distress,
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
Thro' all the Briars and the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N CXVII.

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:
But the dear Stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace, from God on high;
Behold, he lays his Vengeance by;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
 Away from Earth our Souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless World afar,
 And wait and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
 We see thy Feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
 United Groans ascend on high;
 And Prayer bears a quick Return
 Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide
 Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
 But, if our Feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

H Y M N CXIX.

Infant-Baptism.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham pass
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace;
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
 'Till Christ the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's Cov'nant and his Love;
 He seals to Saints his glorious Grace,
 And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their

Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood,
 Their Children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed,
 Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice
 In this large Cov'nant rejoice;
 Young Children, in their early Days,
 Shall give the God of Abrah'm Praise.

H Y M N CXX.

The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with Truth and Grace;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his Commands!
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his glorious Name,
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways;
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N CXXII.

G O D reconciled in C H R I S T.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
 Our Jesus and our God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
 Or trifle with thy Blood?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
 The Father smiles again ;

'Tis by thine interceding Breath
 The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
 My Thoughts no Comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred three
 Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Emmanuel's Face appear,
 My Hope, my Joy begins ;
 His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
 His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
 And Greeks of Wisdom boast,
 I love th'incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N CXXIII.

For New Year's-Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
 The God of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Antient of endless Days ;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,
 Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,
 The Pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, Let it still alone.
 The Father mild inclines his Ear,
 And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood
 From God obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space :
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another Year !

Then dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow Ground,
 And let our gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound :

O let

O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Adult-Baptism.

D E S C E N D, celestial Dove !
In ev'ry Bosom dwell ;
Upon the present Water move,
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
Baptize with purging Flames
This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,
In ceaseless living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
Thy Promise, Lord, fulfil,
Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the same ;
And with this Water now convey
The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,
And grant the inward Grace ;
Let this thy Servant seal'd for thine,
From hence depart in Peace.

H Y M N CXXV.

Humiliation.

L O R D, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;

Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death ;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in every Part.

Behold ! we fall before thy Face,
Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CXXVI.

The same.

LORD, we would spread our sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high our Crimes arise !

Shouldst thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And crush our Flesh to Dust,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love ;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive us from thy Face,
 Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
 And fill them with thy Grace.

H Y M N CXXVII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WH Y do we mourn departing Friends,
 Or shake at Death's Alarms?
 'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as Time can move?
 Why should we wish the Hours more slow
 That keep us from our Love?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their Bodies to the Tomb?
 There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he blest'd,
 And soft'ned every Bed;
 Where should the dying Members rest
 But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our Feet the Way,
 Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
 At the great rising Day.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Funeral.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
 Thou Maker of my Frame,
 I would survey Life's narrow Space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time ;
 Man is but Vanity and Dust
 In all his Flower and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
 They rage, and strive, desire and love,
 But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
 Some dig for golden Ore ;
 They toil for Heirs they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
 As all our Fathers were ;
 May we be well prepar'd to go,
 When we the Summons hear !

H Y M N CXXIX.

The same.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
 And think how near it stands,

When

When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead !
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

H Y M N CXXX.

O come let us sing unto the LORD.

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye Friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist
In singing his Fame :
Eternal Thanksgiving
The faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done :
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curse we incurr'd,
Our Stripes and our Woe:

Nor only he died,
 But also arose,
 Laid Weakness aside,
 And over his Foes,
 (Sin, Death, and the Devil)
 He triumphed o'er,
 And every Evil,
 Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
 Who sits on the Throne,
 We bow at thy Name,
 We count thee alone
 Deserving our Blessing,
 And Blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing
 So long as we live.

H Y M N CXXXI.

For the fifth of November.

S HOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
 Thro' the whole Nation run;
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs
 Thine envious Foes devise.

Thy

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r ;
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

H Y M N CXXXII.

A Song of Praise to GOD from Great
Britain.

NA T U R E with all her Pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King ;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne ;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame
Exert your Force, and own his Name ;
Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice
We sing his Honours and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own ;
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky ;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

At

At Dismission.

NO farther go To-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day :
Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
And in the Morning when I wake,
Me in thine Arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

The same.

I Will lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my Rest ;
Me commend to Jesu's Grace,
And as upon his Breast,
So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard,
O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great Reward.

The same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth, our Praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

Gloria Patri.

PRAISE God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore ;
Join we with th' heav'nly Host
To praise thee evermore.
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in one, and one in three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
Praise, eternal as his Love :
Praise him, all ye heav'nly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to dye,
Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
To that blest Sp'rit who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise, and Love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
And in the Church below ;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption blest'd the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

TO God the Father's Throne,
Perpetual Honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise :
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing,
While Faith adores.

H Y M N S

F O R

SOCIETY, and Persons meet-
ing in Christian-Fellowship.

H Y M N I.

For SOCIETY.

WH O can have greater Cause to sing,
Who greater Cause to bless,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who Christ possess,
Than we who Christ possess,
Than we who Christ possess?

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join
To praise thy Love and Pow'r,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor!

L

Wc

We late were Satan's Captives led ;
 And Hell had been our End,
 Hadst thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease ;
 We evermore will sing that Song,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create ;
 Thy Glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate :
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
 The Mediator's Place,
 When we the Father's Statutes brake,
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our Need we see ;
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from thee divide ;
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

H Y M N II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace ;
Rise from transitory Things,
Tow'rs Heav'n, thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove ;
Rise, my Soul, and haste away
To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor stay in all their Course ;
Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
Both speed them to their Source :
So a Soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upwards tends to his Abode,
To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the Prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the Skies :

Yet a Season and you know
 Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

H Y M N III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord;
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhorr'd;
 Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesu . the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own,
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The Saviour he alone:
 Let us take and bear his Cross,
 Despis'd Disciples let us be;
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friend, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore:
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb!

H Y M N IV.

The same.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publishing his Fame ;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are ?
We the Lord's peculiar Care ;
We the precious Stones of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their Boast like us ?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?
We can boast, for we are made
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store,
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leaves us desolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim-State ;
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Prospective see.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well persuaded he us hears ;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love ;

(114)

Faithful, gracious, good, the same
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity ;
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone !

H Y M N V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No Music like thy charming Name
Ne'er half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy Voice
In Mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

H Y M N VI.

Peace of God's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making Wars and Jarrings cease,
 Causing Men, tho' Foes, t'agree,
 Kindly rule in us ;
 Make us happily go on,
 Helping each to bear his Cross,
 Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us like a Flock of Sheep,
 Close together persevere,
 True by one another keep,
 Each esteeming very dear,
 Altogether move ;
 Truly subject be the whole,
 Bound in Bands of truest Love,
 One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

May we all our Faith maintain,
 One sole Doctrine witness too,
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,
 Slain for us, and this is true,
 He will ours abide ;
 He will our dear Portion be,
 He who on Mount Calv'ry dy'd,
 Jesus, Jesus, only he !

Strive we who shall love the most,
 Who shall most in Faith excel,
 Who can of the Saviour boast,
 Who can most of Jesus tell :
 This employ us all :
 Daily this contend we for
 Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,
 Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
 Little loving Children be,

Dead

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
 But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;
 So continue firm;
 While beneath us thou wilt lay
 Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,
 'Till we 'wake in endless Day.

H Y M N VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good
 Sounds it in Ears and Hearts!
 Nothing, surely, like that Blood,
 Can such solid Bliss impart:
 Oh 'tis most divine!
 Weary Sinners hither fly,
 Laden with their crimson Sin,
 This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,
 You who Righteousness t'attain,
 Earnestly by Works assay'd,
 But have found your Strife in vain,
 Turn you to Christ's Blood,
 Thither look, and you no more
 Shall lament an absent God,
 Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Who so after Rest enquires,
 Let him to this Blood approach;
 Who so truly Peace desires,
 Jesu's Blood affordeth much:
 Be persuaded then;
 Lift ye up your downcast Eyes,
 See the Saviour bleeding slain,
 There thy Rest, poor Sinner, is.

Here

Here may we take up our Place,

Here for ever happy be !

Here wrap up our blushing Face,

Seeking nought beside to see !

Here we now sit down,

Trusting in his Blood, and prove

What the Lord for us hath done ;

Who can fully tell his Love ?

H Y M N VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

DIALOGUE.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
 Who sav'd us by thy Grace ;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father ere Time began ;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
 Thro' Heav'ns extended Coasts ;
Hail, holy, holy, holy, God,
Of all immortal Hosts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
 Are always praising thee ;
The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein
Adore thy Majesty.

The Prophets' goodly Fellowship,
 In milky Garments drest,
Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
The Fulness of thy Rest.

Th'

Th' Apostles' glorious Company
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim ;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlasting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
 T' acknowledge thee the Head ;
Father of Majesty divine,
Who ev'ry Power hast made.

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy Family confess ;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whose kindling Rays
Our dying Souls restor'd.

H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in praising CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,
 Daughters of Zion, sing ;
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
Salute the auspicious King.

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb !
So ready be our ransom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.
 Why stay we then ? the Lord extol,
 Zion, break forth in Praise ;
Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded Soul,
In pure seraphic Lays.

Open

Open ye everlasting Doors,
Divide ye Gates of Bliss,
*We with Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs,
Praise Christ our Righteousness.*

H Y M M X.

The same.

L E T us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy bless ;
*Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be Glory giv'n !
Here shall thy Praises be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.

The Host of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems sing ;
*To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our Songs shou'd rise ;
*Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays ;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praise.

Pilgrim's

H Y M N XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we wou'd know
Whither so fast ye move ;
*We call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
That ye are trav'ling from ?
*From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.*

Is not your native Country here ?
Like you not this Abode ?
*We seek a better Country far,
A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest ;
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
Our weary Souls are blest'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more ;
*Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !*

H Y M N XII.

Resting under the Cross.

CHILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade
The Cross does us afford ;
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare
 To sing his worthy Fame;
*Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
 Christ Jesus is his Name.*

We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
 The Virtue of thy Pain;
*We sing thy Grievs, thou dying God,
 Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.*

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
 To thee we bow the Knee;
*Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,
 The Prophets sang of thee.*

While others praise an unknown God,
 We each will sing of thee;
*Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,
 And lov'd, and dy'd for me.*

H Y M N XIII.

General Praise to CHRIST.

ONCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
 We sing to thy eternal Name,
 The whole Assembly join;
 To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
 Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne
 We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
 Mix with the happy Company
 Of Christians gone before;
 And as they bless Messiah's Blood,
 We imitate their Song, and God
 The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree
 To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;
 I thank him for his Grace :
 Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,
 To bear us to the wish'd-for Throne,
 Where we may see thy Face.

Or if thou here wouldst have us stay,
 A longer Space, lo! we obey ;
 Only let us be sure
 That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,
 And let thy Spirit be with us still,
 And we'll desire no more.

H Y M N XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own Blood ;
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the World begun ;
 They the Seal of this receive
 When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,
 They enjoy a solid Peace ;
 All their Sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
 In the Works of Righteousness ;
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth ;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, Joint Heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity !

H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you ;
Poor Christian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.

No Peace (though we have fought) we find
In any Country here ;
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know ;

*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.*

Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we despise ;
*The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,
The Blis of Paradise.*

Then joyful let us journey on
To certain Rest above ;
*Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.*

H Y M N XVI.

Glorifying God in CHRIST.

DIALOGUE.

B*Rehren sing,—'tis right you shou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood ;
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.*

*Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo ! for you the Lamb was slain ;
Higl. favour'd Women, praise
Jesus in celestial Lays.*

*Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate !
Hail ! for by thy Death and Cross,
Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for us.*

*None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Israel's King ;
None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ our Lord and God.*

Worthy,

*Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou
Praise to have and Honour too;
Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.*

H Y M N XVII:

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

CO M E we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known,
Join in a Song with sweet Accord
And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Hope and Faith may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with
Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Mysteries
Hast often cover'd from the Wise,
And Babes thy Glory shew'd ;
Thy Wisdom far surpasses all
What studious Mortals Wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'st us redeem ;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merit of thy Blood and Cross,
Are Foolishness to him.

They this World's Wisdom seek and gain,
That Wisdom which thou callest vain,
But, Oh ! are Strangers still,
To that which makes our Spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting Eyes,
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth and Love,
Things freely to us giv'n ;
These Earnests are of greater Bliss,
The Earnest of that Happiness
Which we shall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N

H Y M N XIX.

The Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear,
Thy Members here
Shall sing like those in Glory.
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With blest Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And passing thro' the Fire,
Thy Love we praise,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting,
In thine Almighty Favour,
The Love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break thro' them all,
And sing the Song of Moses.

By

By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize
 Which thou hast set before us.
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand,
 At God's Right-hand,
 To take us up to Heaven.

H Y M N XX.

The same.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals give Thanks, and sing
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love,
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heaven,
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right Hand
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet ;
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
 Rejoice in glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal Home :
 We soon shall hear th' Arch-angel's Voice,
 The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice !

H Y M N XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek, Lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,
 O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,
 And in our inward Parts
 Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
 Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts constrain
 Jesus the Crucified !
 What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !

Who would not now pursue the Way
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine ?
 Who would not own the pleasing Sway
 Of Charity divine ?

O let us find the antient Way,
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
“ See how these Christians love !”

H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

P A R T I.

COME, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in Hymns Divine ;
Give we all with one Accord,
Glory to our common Lord :
Strive we, in Affection strive,
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd
Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,
Now, as Yesterday the same ;
One in ev'ry Age and Place,
Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace.
Christ is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our Wishes fly) :
Sits at God's Right-hand above,
There with him we reign in Love !

H Y M N XXIII.

P A R T II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up :
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of Jesu's Grace,
 Speak we by our Lives his Praise;
 Walk in him we have receiv'd,
 Shew we not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
 God our Hearts doth still unite;
 Dearest Fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship of Jesu's Love:
 Sweetly each with each combin'd,
 In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
 Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd,
 Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our Faith increase,
 Cleanse from all Unrighteousness;
 Thee, th' unholy cannot see;
 Make, O make us meet for thee!
 Every vile Affection kill,
 Free our Souls from every Ill;
 Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
 Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
 Love the Proof that Christ we know;
 Mutual Love the Token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee!
 Love thy Image, Love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each Heart;
 Only Love to us be given,
 Lord, we ask no other Heaven.

H Y M N XXIV.

P A R T III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual, fervent Prayer;

Hear,

Hear, and our Petitions seal,
 Let us now the Answer feel :
 Myſtically one with thee,
 Transcript of the Trinity ;
 Thee let all our Nature own,
 One in three, and three in one.

Build us in one Body up,
 Call'd in one high Calling's Hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim,
 One the pure baptiſmal Flame,
 One the Faith, and common Lord,
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, thro', and in us all,
 God incomprehenſible.

One with God, the Source of Blis,
 Ground of our Communion this ;
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thy Emanations flow ;
 Riſe eternal in our Heart,
 Thou our only Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
 Be to us what Adam loſt.

H Y M N XXV.

P A R T IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
 Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
 Always faithful let us prove,
 Never rob thee of our Heart,
 Never give the Creature Part ;
 Only thou poſſeſs the whole,
 Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfaſt

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic Union be ;
 Union to the World unknown,
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one.
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,
 'Till the Lamb shall take us Home ;
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
 Thou art with thy Father one ;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God :
 Sent our Spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us Sons of Light,
 Sent that we his Grace may prove,
 All the Riches of his Love.

H Y M N XXVI.

P A R T V.

CH RIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are ;
 Join us, in one Spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine,
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee who fill'st all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Diverse Gifts to each divide ;
 Plac'd according to thy Will,
 Let us all our Work fulfil ;
 Never from our Office move,
 Needful to the others prove,

N

Use

Use the Grace on each bestow'd
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void ;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

H Y M N XXVII.

P A R T VI.

K I N G of Saints, to whom are giv'n
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one :
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo ! to thee our Hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality !

Absent in our Flesh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come ;
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the new Jerusalem ;
Join the countless Angel-Quire,
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to sit ;

Sweetest Fellowship we prove
 With the general Church above ;
 Saints who now their Names behold,
 In the Book of Life enroll'd,
 Spirits of the righteous, made
 Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
 Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts ;
 Abel's Blood for Vengeance cry'd,
 Jesu's speaks us justify'd :
 Speaks and calls for better Things,
 Makes us Prophets, Priests, and Kings ;
 Asks that we with him may reign,
 Earth and Heav'n say, Amen !

H Y M N XXVII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship.

TR Y us, O God, and search the Ground
 Of every sinful Heart,
 Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless,
 But guide our Feet into the Way
 Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's Crosses to bear ;
 Let each his friendly Aid afford,
 And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little Stock improve,

Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride ;
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctified.

H Y M N XXIX.

The same.

JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

H Y M N XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jesu's Providence,
Lo ! we meet again in Peace ;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place !

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear :
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home !

H Y M N XXXI.

At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
When he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulness to receive,
And Grace to answer Grace.

But let us hasten to the Day
Which shall our Flesh restore,
When Death shall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our
Shame,

On

On God's eternal Throne to reign;
For he for us, for us was slain.

From every People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng;
Let all thy Hosts thy Grace confess,
And call thee Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let every Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth and all on Sea,
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine!
And Strength and Majesty divine!
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord!

H Y M N XXXIII.

The same.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n!

Master, see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King;
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore!
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
'Till we join with those above!

H Y M N XXXIV.

Longing for the latter Day.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n?
Lord, it is Time that thou restore
Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thousand Years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast;
So long ago his fallen Race
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houses made of Clay,
And out of Sight of heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuse but daily mourn,
'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim
The Judgment of the Martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Hasten,

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
Send thou thine Angels, and command;
Go sound Deliv'rance; loudly blow
Salvation to the Saints below !

We want to have the Day appear !
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year !
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Israel in ceaseless Peace shall dwell !

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong Request;
And this our daily Pray'r shall be,
Lord sound the Trump of Jubilee !

H Y M N XXXV.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR King, assume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror;
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Isles do bless thy Name,
Let the West thy Worth proclaim;
Wash the Ethiopian clean,
In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found,
Who proclaim the joyful Sound;
Let it to thy Israel come,
Let it bring the Wand'ers Home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,
Fly in Troops the suppliant Race;

Princes

Princes shall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

When like Lightning thro' the Skies,
Will thy latter Glory rise?
When shall we behold thy Pow'r,
When salute the accomplish'd Hour?

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindred wait to sing;
Then shall all the chosen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace. Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

O UR God reigns, ye Lands rejoice,
Lift, ye Isles, a thankful Voice;
Ev'ry Throne by one controul'd,
Well secures the passive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves subside;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably wise,
Beauteous too his Counsel lies!
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing Word;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Sub-

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour:
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear. Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXXVII.

For the Propagation of the GOSPEL.

COME, divine Emmanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wing expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee!
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below!

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land;
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,
Glorious in his Works and Ways !

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd Seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
Brother to our Soul becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's Throne shall rest ;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward !

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand,
On the Borders of your Land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

F I N I S.

